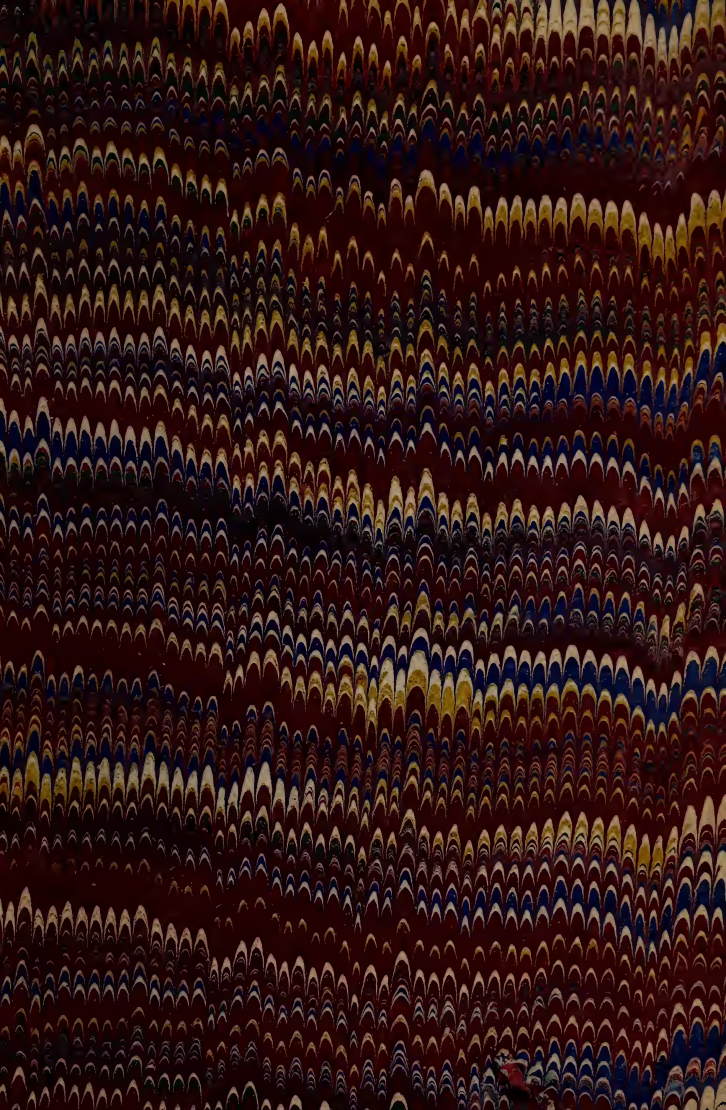


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*THE GLORY AND BLESSEDNESS
OF THE REDEEMED:*

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE

YORKVILLE BAPTIST CHURCH,

11TH MAY, 1873,

BY THE REV. JAMES PYPER, D.D.

*PREACHED ON OCCASION OF THE DEATH
OF MRS. D. BUCHAN.*

"They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

(REV. III. 4.)

WHAT a sublime annunciation is this, to fall from heaven upon the ear of mortals. Had such a promise been made to pure, unfallen intelligences, it could have excited little surprise ; but to speak of a given class of once lost rebels as being worthy, and to inform us that they will walk with the Lord in white, is as strange as it is gracious. But it is thus that God excites the fondest hopes of His people. It is by such exhibitions of divine love where infinite tenderness is seen, stooping to the work of raising the thoughts of believers from earth to heaven, from darkness to light, from an abode of weariness to an abode of rest ; from trials, cares, afflictions and bereavements, to where all is peace and uninterrupted blessedness.—It is in the light of such love that life's troubled ocean is traversed by the believer with a joyful submissiveness, and

that death is seen to be but the opening into a rapture, which will widen and deepen, as the unfolding purposes of God become apparent to the redeemed host. The gospel brings a calm upon the stricken spirit, but it is not by blunting the sensibilities and paralyzing the noblest emotions of our natures. Humanity seeks to overcome the afflictions of the world by rendering us insensible to their bitterness. This is a tacit acknowledgment that human philosophy, and worldly wisdom, in all its modifications, are utterly impotent in the presence of those crushing sorrows which press so heavily upon man in his present state. To give full scope to a chastened and natural grief on the one hand, and to soothe and comfort the stricken spirit on the other, belongs to the gospel alone. By its sublime annunciations and cheering promises, it assuages the bitterness of grief, brings joy to the heart in the midst of sorrow, and while the tear of affection may flow, there is a refuge for the soul in Christ, whose sustaining love is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, where the pilgrim traveller is at once sheltered and invigor-

ated. Well for us is it, if, amidst the trials and buffetings and bereavements of earth, we can say, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

How humiliating to man is the grave ! What an omnipotent leveller is death ! Wealth hath done its utmost, while science has exhausted its skill, to wrench men from the grasp of the latter, and to hold them back from the still dominion of the former ; but the king of terrors cannot be bribed ; and the silent tomb claims every child of Adam as its own. He who was born to command millions of his race, who controls with a nod the destinies of continents of the earth and islands of the sea, whose iron will calls the world to arms and offers upon the altar of ambition untold thousands of human victims ; even he, so potent, so God-like in his greatness, bows to the stroke of death as helplessly, and throws down his crown and sword and sceptre as

humbly as the shepherd throws aside his crook and plaid, the mechanic his implement, or the merchant his ledger. Monarch and subject, prince and peasant, bond and free, without any prejudice of caste or colour, sleep quietly side by side. But while there is a solemn sameness in our graveyards now, the hour is coming when distinctions will be seen—wide distinctions, and lasting as wide. The graves will open; and from those open graves some will rise to meet the Lord in the air, blessed and holy, having part in the first resurrection. The “rest of the dead” shall also rise, but only to shame and everlasting contempt. These shall go away into everlasting punishment, while of the saints, Christ says,—“They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.”

This language was addressed to the church in Sardis—a church, which the Spirit informs us, had a name to live but was dead. They were admonished to remember the teachings which they had received, to hold them fast and repent, otherwise, judgment would overtake them as a thief in the night. A faithful remnant, however, was found serving their

Lord in the midst of surrounding apathy ; and of such, the Lord says, “they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.”

The first thing in our text which naturally arrests our attention, is *the Being* with whom the saints shall live on such intimate terms—and the bare statement of the fact that it is the Lord, is sufficient to overwhelm the soul in adoring wonder. What a companion for once sinful worms ! In speaking of the greatness and the glory of his character, we might first follow Him in His state of humiliation ; mark the wonders which cluster around His birth, or the opening heavens and the descending Spirit witnessed at His baptism. We might stand by the sick, the halt, the maimed, and see life and limb restored, simply by the *word* of His power. We might accompany Him to a couch, where, lifeless and cold lies the pride of a father’s heart—to a bier, whereon is borne slowly along to the grave, the only hope and solace of a drooping mother—to a tomb, where, already under the power of decomposition, repose the remains of one to whom two loving hearts yet cling ; and in

each instance, stand filled with awe beside man's Comforter, and death's Conqueror. We might gaze upon the darkened heavens, and feel the old earth rock beneath our feet as He hangs upon the cross. We might, on the morning of the third day after His burial, visit the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, see the stone rolled away from its mouth without hands, and behold Him whom they crucified, and whose body they guarded with seal and with soldier, burst the bands of death and come forth in solemn majesty from the place of His repose. Or, standing on the sacred mount, we might see Him rise calmly from the earth, and in His own glorious majesty ascend to the heavens. We might do all this, and still we would be compelled to mount higher in order to have even a creature's comprehension of Him, with whom the Saints will be permitted to walk in white. With awful reverence we must approach the eternal throne and gaze upon its occupant. O wonder of wonders ! the saints' Companion sits there—the lofty and the holy Creator of all things. He who is from everlasting to everlasting : who looked upon the

field of space, in which our solar system now moves, when it was a sunless, and moonless, and starless void—whose *fiat* brought light into existence—separated the light from darkness, carried it to a focal centre, and sent the abode of man upon its selected pathway around our central sun,—who created man in the image of God, endowing him with reason and with conscience, with capabilities and susceptibilities adapted to the most exalted enjoyment ; to think of this being, God over all blessed for evermore, the Word which was with God and was God, the true God, God manifested in the flesh, to think of Him, not merely as an august and glorious Sovereign, but as the Friend and Companion of His people for ever and ever, is sufficient to thrill the soul with emotions of unworldly joy. Dust and ashes raised to such a sublime height ! Well might the elders, as represented by the revelator, cast their crowns before the throne, saying, “Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power ; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.” Surely the

warmest affection would not seek to bring a loved one from such a presence, back amid the buffetings and trials of this poor, sin-destroyed earth. No, no ! They walk with their Lord in white, for they are worthy.

The next point in our text demanding notice, is *the worthiness* spoken of. There is a sense in which no son or daughter of fallen man is possessed of worthiness before the Lord. Sin has defiled, nay, ruined our entire natures ; so that before God there is none righteous, no, not one. Man by nature is in a state of guilt. Guilt lies back of his thoughts, words and actions ; and the faculties of the mind in the performance of their various functions are under the sway of a ruined nature, until, born of the Spirit, the believer is created anew in Christ Jesus. But even God's people all feel the power of indwelling sin, and consequently are pierced with the conviction that all the worthiness which they possess, in themselves considered, could not, when tried by the holiness which God requires, save their souls from merited perdition. The saints of old felt this keenly : hence we find the venerable old

patriarch Jacob saying, "O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac ; the Lord who said unto me, Return unto thy country and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee : *I am not worthy* of the least of all thy mercies, and of all the truth which Thou has showed unto thy servant." Job said, "How many are mine iniquities and sins? make me to know my transgression and my sin." David exclaims, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us ; but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake." John said, concerning the Lord, "Whose shoes I am not *worthy* to bear." And Paul cries out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ my Lord." These expressions of unworthiness on the part of such eminent servants of Jehovah, inspired to utter the truth for our learning, are withering to the idea of human merit as a ground of hope before God. Indeed, no man can be saved or brought into a state of reconciliation with the Lord, until he makes the discovery of his native, indwelling guilt, and conse-

quent utter unworthiness, helplessness and hopelessness in the sight of a holy God. Christ must be received as a whole Saviour, else is He rejected. For the sinner to trust, even a little, in his own fancied goodness, and then trust in Christ's merits to make up his defects, is to set aside God's method of justifying the ungodly, and to rely upon a human plan. There is no soundness in man; so that when Christ becomes to him a Saviour, He becomes his *only ground of hope*. He, the Lord, is to the poor, guilty soul, wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption. And he who does not rest simply and alone on the righteousness of Christ as a ground of hope, think of it what he may, is yet in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity.

What then are we to understand by the phrase, "They are worthy," seeing that, in themselves considered, they are so unworthy? We have anticipated the answer. The Saints derive their worthiness from their Lord. The believer in Christ is made partaker of Christ's righteousness; and by virtue of this gracious provision, he becomes as

pure in the sight of God as though he had never been a violater of holy law. The blood of Christ cleanses the soul from all sin, and leaves it holy : "He who knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Christ's righteousness, regarding Him as a substitute for His people, consisted, not in His innate holiness, but in the perfection of His work on our behalf. Having assumed our sins, He bore all the consequences of the assumption. He completely atoned for those sins, put them away—all away by the sacrifice of Himself ; and now says John : "As He is, so are we in this world." How glorious is the righteousness, how complete the worthiness of Christ ; and, O wondrous thought ! O matchless grace ! it is the *same* righteousness and worthiness, which He himself possesses, that He bestows upon His saints. They walk with Him, *worthy* of their exalted position ; made so by Him with whom they walk. Luther said, "It is impossible for a man to be a Christian without having Christ, and if he has Christ, he has at the same time all that is in Christ. What gives

peace to the conscience is that, by faith, our sins are no more ours, but Christ's, upon whom God has laid them all, and that, on the other hand, all Christ's righteousness is ours to whom God has given it." Such truth enables us to comprehend the full meaning of our text.

But we must not forget that there is seen in the word of God another aspect of this worthiness. I refer to the practical result of a union by faith with the Lord Jesus Christ. I have referred to Christ's work *for* us ; let us not lose sight of the Spirit's work *in us*. The Spirit operating through the truth awakens in the heart of the believer heavenly love—and love, or faith working by love, purifies the heart and overcomes the world. Where the work of Christ is received as a basis of justification, the Holy Spirit has led the soul to such a ground of hope ; and the same Spirit who has begun this work carries it forward until the day of Christ. The believer becomes dead indeed unto sin, dead to the world, and alive to the interests of his Lord. Wherever the soul, led by the Spirit, is resting on Christ, you are sure to find the heart purified by

grace, and the new nature reigning in practical supremacy in the soul. Such are they who are worthy.

Our next inquiry relates to the *dress* of the saints. "They shall walk with me in white." This language implies spotless purity. In Rev. 19 : 7, we read :—"For the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife has made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, (or bright,) for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints." Believers collectively are called the "Lamb's wife", and every one of them shall shine resplendent in body and soul for ever and ever. Glory is in reserve for all Christ's people. That glory begins immediately after death, and is fully consummated after the resurrection. The white robe presents a pure being—and whether we look at the soul, or the resurrection body, or both, we shall find that purity and brightness, according to the word of God, are inseparably connected with their very existence. The redeemed soul goes into the presence of the Lord shining, by the power of Christ's work, in

the righteousness of God. How pure, how holy, is such a soul. And O how full of joy—of inconceivable rapture must it be in such a presence and in such a condition. “The body is dead,” says Paul, “because of sin, but the Spirit is life because of righteousness.” The saints have, at present, living souls in dead bodies; and righteousness, you perceive, is the essence of this life. The frail tabernacle, on account of sin is condemned to death, dead in law; but the soul, by the righteousness of Christ, can never see death. In its unquenchable vitality, and burning holiness it enters into the presence of the Lord and partakes of His joy. The flesh must rest for a season in hope, but death shall not always have dominion over the earthly tabernacle; for, continues the Apostle, “If the Spirit of Him who raised up Jesus from the dead, dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you.” The Apostle rejoiced in view of the glory which *ultimately* awaited him, but he did not overlook the blessedness of the intermediate state. On the contrary he says, Phil. I. 21, “For to me to

live is Christ, and to die is gain." And again in the 23rd verse, he expresses a "desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." To remain in the world was indeed a privilege to the Apostle, for to *live* was Christ: but to leave it was far better, for then he would be with Him face to face. In the body he walked by faith; out of it, he would walk by sight. His faith was firm and sustaining—hence he says:—"Therefore we are always confident, knowing that while we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord—we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord."

Glory, then, commences immediately after death. The redeemed soul enjoys, at once, the sublime presence of its glorious Redeemer; and the rapture of such nearness to Him, whom the soul loves now perfectly, is to us in our present state simply inconceivable. And yet another condition of existence, more perfect than even the present state of the departed is in the distance, and may not be far distant. Death is at present a reigning triumphant

conqueror in the case even of departed saints ; but no truth is more clearly revealed than is this—that our Lord will destroy this last enemy, and bring the bodies of those that are His back from the dishonours of the grave, all glowing and bright like His own glorified body. When this event shall take place, then will the ransomed from the grave shout as did Paul, when he anticipated the event, “O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory!—the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” As in the intermediate state, so in the more perfect state, the saints will be clothed in white, or brightness, moral, intellectual and physical. All that we know concerning the world to come we know from the word of God, and while there is nothing in the intimations of Scripture to gratify an idle curiosity, there is enough said to instruct our ignorance and fill our souls with pleasing emotions. What an eternity is before God’s people ! Their rest shall be glorious ! their peace widen and deepen, like the onward flow of a mighty river,

forever and ever ! Their joy, their rapture, passing beyond earth's experience, must baffle earth's conceptions. They will be overwhelmed in light, or brightness, physical as well as spiritual. How grand—how magnificent is the divine description of the New Jerusalem. What dazzling brightness ! what inconceivable splendour ! What perfect felicity ! Light ! uncreated cloudless brightness is a leading feature of the holy, happy place. John says, "that the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it : and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day : for there shall be no night there."

" O when thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

Of the earth, also it is said, that it shall be filled with the glory of the Lord. Now let us remember,

that whatever else belonged to the glory of the Lord, pure light was always a concomitant of the visible manifestations of the Divine presence.

Moses at the foot of Mount Horeb, was overwhelmed with wonder and with awe, as he gazed upon a bush burning, yet unconsumed. The explanation was, Jehovah was there. When Israel's great leader came down from the mount where he had been conversing with God, his face so shone, that he was constrained to veil himself. Such was also the case with the countenance of Stephen. When the light of the open heaven shone down upon him, it is said,—“and all that were sitting in the council looking steadfastly upon Stephen, saw his face as if it had been the face of an angel.” The case of Elijah is also in point. Elijah was in earnest conversation with Elisha—“and it came to pass as they still went on and talked, that, behold there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and Elijah was taken up into heaven.” (2 Kings, 2 : 11.) On the day of Pentecost, when the Spirit of God filled the place where the disciples were assembled together, there was an appearance as of

cloven tongues of fire which hovered over them, and sat on each of them. Paul on the way to Damascus, we are informed, was blinded by a light from heaven,—“a light above the brightness of the sun,” out of which Christ himself addressed him. On the mount of transfiguration, a luminous cloud enveloped the disciples; and of the Lord it is said, “His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light,” dazzling or glistening. Once more, when Peter was delivered from prison, we read, “And, behold, the angel of the Lord stood by him, and a light shone in the prison, and his chains fell off from his hands.” Thus it is, that whenever the Divine glory is brought under our notice, it appears in connection with light, pure and intense. These passages give us a distant glimpse of the world of purity and of glory; straggling rays from the fountain of brightness; coruscations of heaven’s white light, falling upon the darkness of our dark, dark earth. Oh! these openings into a holier land, these glorious premonitions of a brighter state, cause the world’s brightness to grow dim and its splendour

to fade away. In the light of these sublime disclosures, our text becomes yet more beautiful, more thrilling, more fully charged with the glow of eternal blessedness: "They shall walk with *Me* in *white*, for they are *worthy*."

It is a consoling thought, that our dear, departed Christian friends are not dead, but sleeping; and oh, the thought is glorious, when we can think of them without wavering, as we can of our departed sister, as asleep in Jesus—the mortal body asleep, but the soul present with the Lord, arrayed in that gift of grace: the white robe. The bodies of the saints will come forth from the grave powerful, glorious, incorruptible; and with souls and bodies resembling their Lord, they will shine forth like the sun in the kingdom of their Father. When friends depart in the faith of the gospel, what an advantage they have over those who are left behind. We cannot sorrow for them as those who have no hope. No, no; infinite blessedness is theirs. They behold, with open vision, the glory of the Lord, and are participants of His joy. Walking with Christ, clothed in white; peaceful,

pure, holy, glorious ! who could wish them back amid the darkness and the coldness of earth. A sister in Christ, a valued member of our church, a loved companion, a devoted mother has left us, to join the general assembly and church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven. May we all profit by the lesson which God is thus setting us to learn.

In speaking of the deceased, I am admonished by her well-known antipathy to everything which even seemed to exalt the creature at the expense of the Creator, to avoid eulogy. Still I may, without conflicting with what I know of her sentiments on such matters, refer to a few points in her history and character. Mrs. Buchan was born in the ancient city of Chester, on the 19th of February, 1809. Her parents were natives of Wales, and both pious. Her father died when she was a mere child ; still she remembered to the day of her death some favourite hymns which he taught her, especially the beautiful hymn, commencing,—

“ The voice of free grace
Cries : escape to the mountain.”

She was brought to the knowledge of the truth in maiden youthfulness ; was married on the 15th of June, 1831 ; came with her husband to Canada in the Spring of 1834, and has been known to many of us ever since—known only to be loved and respected.

Her piety lay deep in her heart and controlled her life. In the exercise of the mere sensibilities of the Christian, she was the reverse of demonstrative ; you got an occasional glance into her inmost soul, by seeing the joyous flash of her eye, or the glistening of a tear, or a shade of anxiety upon the brow, or the light of hope illuminating the whole countenance—according as the subject-matter before her awakened the different emotions within ; but she rarely spoke of her feelings. On the other hand, she was ever ready to converse on the interests of the Lord and the welfare of His church and people. The story of her conversion is simple and touching. At a boarding-school she had formed the acquaintance of a young lady, who, like herself, was full of youthful vivacity. Together they went to the house of God ; and together, when there,

occasionally indulged in thoughtless merriment. But a loving eye was upon them ; the Lord had marked them as His own, and their gaiety soon gave place to a happy solemnity. The companion referred to was first brought to Christ ; and, like a genuine convert, she at once sought the salvation of her friend. The deceased told her that she “ would like to be good, and meant some day to commence and try to make herself good.” Her friend replied that she could not do anything to *make herself* good ; all that was necessary had been *done* already, and that when Jesus cried “ It is finished,” the work of salvation was complete, and we had only to believe. This was singularly clear teaching ; and the deceased saw the beauty and strength of God’s plan at once, and then and there believing, rejoiced in the hope of a blessed immortality. Such was the brief but satisfactory Christian experience of our departed sister. She saw Christ’s work clearly ; by faith she grasped it firmly, and for nearly fifty years has clung to the blessed hope tenaciously. From the beginning, she took God’s word as her only guide in religious

matters, and this led her, although in opposition to the will of her friends, to unite herself to a little Baptist church, where she found congenial spirits, and thus commenced a life of faith. While she was ever a believer in practical Christianity, such was her simple confidence in the atoning work of Christ *alone*, as the *only* ground of hope, that doubts and fears, as to her acceptance with Him, never from the day of her spiritual birth until the day of her death disturbed the peace of her soul. Little opportunity was afforded her to bear a death-bed testimony to the truth : still one scene calls for notice. Three days before her death, Mr. Buchan suggested to her that it might be well to get one of her daughters to read a hymn, or a favorite passage of Scripture. She, feeling her weakness, replied, " O, I could not attend." Her husband added, " But if you could only listen to a verse it might give you something to think about. Her answer was, " O, I am always thinking in a kind of a puzzled way." " What do you think about ?" was the next question. The reply was, " O ! the better land—the better land ; the loving-kindness of

the Lord !" On her husband's remarking that God had been very good to them, she clasped her hands together, and with great earnestness and emphasis exclaimed, " Goodness ! *goodness* ! ! GOODNESS !!! " Just as though, in her estimation, the length and breadth, and height and depth of God's gracious dealings with them were all summed up in that one word *goodness* ! Well might the deceased say so. She was the mother of fourteen children one of whom was still-born, four went to heaven in infancy, one left her in the pride of manhood—but left in the faith and hope of the gospel, while the eight who survive her, all rest in Christ.* Would it be wonderful, if she and her companion should, in a future day, when in the " better land " they looked upon their unbroken family circle around the throne,—would it be wonderful if they should unitedly shout in the ear of Omnipotence, " Goodness ! *goodness* ! ! GOODNESS !!! we are here,

*On the last day she was permitted to visit the house of God (April 13), it was observed by many in the congregation that she then engaged with peculiar zest in the service of song. Fitting prelude to the praises of the upper sanctuary ! On the evening of that day four of her grand-children were buried with Christ in baptism.

Lord, and the children whom thou hast given us ; not one left in darkness."

Mrs. Buchan possessed characteristics worthy of being remembered and imitated. Her reverence for the Word of God, her love to Christians of every name, her hospitality, and her liberality, her oneness with her husband in making sacrifices for Christ, and her ardent attachment to the church of which she was a member, were noble traits of character. We shall miss her in her accustomed place in the sanctuary, and her loss will not only be seen—it will be felt, keenly felt.

"Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,

For God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide ;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting since the Saviour has died."

The following were the hymns sung at the service during which the foregoing discourse was delivered. Mrs. Buchan, at an early period of her illness, anticipating that it would perhaps be her last, requested that cheerful hymns might be sung at her funeral. Those selected were favorites of hers, often sung to the tunes named.

I

Tune—Harwich.

I All ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh ;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
 Your ransom and peace,
 Your surety He is,
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2 For what you have done,
 His blood must atone ;
The Father hath punished for you His dear Son :
 The Lord, in the day
 Of His anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.

- 3 He dies to atone
 For sins not His own,
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He hath done :
 Ye all may receive
 The peace He did leave,
Who made intercession "my Father, forgive."
- 4 For you and for me,
 He prayed on the tree :
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free :
 The sinner am I,
 Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.
- 5 His death is my plea,
 My Advocate, see,
And hear the blood speak that hath answered for me :
 He purchased the grace
 Which now I embrace :
O Father, thou knowest He hath died in my place.

II

Tune—Antioch.

- 1 Give me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

-
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came :—
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that He trod—
His zeal inspired their breast—
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For His own pattern given :
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

III

Anth.—Jerusalem, by Lowell Mason.

- 1 Jerusalem, my glorious home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths have no end ?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Caanan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

7 Jerusalem, my glorious home !
My soul still pants for thee :
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.



1909
1852

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